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VOL. LXXIV.

No. IX

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum meus grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1909.

NEW HAVEN:  
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SEPTEMBER.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Seventy-fourth Volume with the number for October, 1908. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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All communications with regard to the editorial management of the periodical must be addressed to Robert D. French, Chairman. Communications with regard to the business management, to John W. Ford, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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VOL. LXXIV.

JUNE, 1909

No. 9

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1910.

ARTHUR E. BAKER

RICHARD D. HILLIS

ROBERT D. FRENCH

HOWARD V. O'BRIEN

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

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BUSINESS MANAGER,

- - - -

JOHN W. FORD

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COMMENCEMENT FOR THE UNDERGRADUATE.

THERE is something at once cheerful and pathetic in that time-honored sentence: "The old order changeth." In this distressing age of ours, when life has become a business of horse-power and second-speeds, we have made it a matter of course to decry the "good old days." It is so easy to talk of porcelain bath-tubs and electric desk-lamps; so convincing to refer to cement-lined villas and wireless birthday letters; so discouraging to plead for the fading glory of the old régime! We smile condescendingly at Professor Beers' tales of the year when the north-end wall of Divinity had been shorn away to make room for Durfee, and amputated timbers framed the tiers of interesting but bisected chambers. We find it almost impossible to picture his chum, crossing the campus on a snowy day with an umbrella carefully tied about his waist with a bit of worn-out shoe-string. And to our uncle's references to South Middle, we merely grin and let fall a jibe at "Old Connecticut."

There was a time, they say, when Commencement Week was for all the college. Books are still in existence which tell of sophomores, aye, and even freshmen, who actually cared to stay and see the "Exercises." To-day, of course, there is the North German Lloyd sailing the morning after the last exam., and the Twentieth Century leaving an hour after the agony of Nineteenth Century Poets,—and, well, you know! We have all heard the latest words to the familiar song:

"If them diplomas ain't for me  
Wot care I how fat they be?"

Yet it may well be urged that here is a phase—and a rather pathetic phase—of the passing of the old order. Our fathers used to revere Commencement. They still talk on rare occasions of the June evenings in the "Yard"; they still paint the charms of Presentation Day, and describe the excitement of the Spoon Exhibition in Music Hall. They seemed to have cared more about the graduation of the men above them than we do to-day. The thing meant more to them—it was more of an event; it was able to compete with the First Train Home. Perhaps that is why the graduates read a lot of meaning into lines which we overlook; perhaps that is why they talk of our lack of spirit, and complain of our over-developed and organized system. After all, they have a right to complain. The comparison is not complimentary to the modern undergraduate. When a large proportion of all the men in college approach senior year with only the vaguest notion of the events of Commencement Week;—when man after man in the Junior class confesses that he never heard of the "1492";—the time is ripe for objection. We need a little more "college life,"—of the kind that one doesn't find on the parlor-car to New York or Bar Harbor.

This odd reluctance to remain in New Haven beyond the compulsory date is seen in the popular acceptance of the statement that "it isn't worth while." The invariable reply to one's question is: "What's the use?" There isn't any use—in hours of credit. It isn't worth while—if you prefer the golf

course at home. There is nothing tangible in the value of Commencement. You cannot analyze it and say, "Here will I be benefited; here will I waste time"; you cannot weigh and measure it by Professor Judd's theory of introspection. Like a great many other valuable things, it depends on one's frame of mind,—just as it is very apt to alter that frame of mind. There are people, however, who have found it very much worth while; who have actually had a good time; who have gone away perhaps a little better and a little finer for the experience. They are not few in number, or slow in their testimony. They will tell you that these few evenings under the elms will stir you queerly; that the streets of the town will breathe out a strange new atmosphere; that the campus will become a great family hearth-stone, echoing to the comedies and errors of a different world. They will become suddenly filled with an indefinable enthusiasm, and they will do their best to transfer that enthusiasm to you. Their arguments will have nothing to do with college spirit or your "duty to the place"; their pleas will be based entirely on the selfish pleasures which they have enjoyed and are eager for you to share. But underneath it all, if you listen, you will catch a note of respect,—of reverence,—of gratitude for a debt which they know they can never repay.

All this very probably strikes you as unconvincing and over-sentimental. If you have never stood and watched the long black line of caps and gowns move slowly down Grub Street to the Bi-Centennial buildings,—if you have never seen the costumes at the Field, or listened to the laughter floating up from a dozen different groups of older men on the walks at night, no description will avail. One has to see the meetings, and hear the old-fashioned nicknames, and breathe the air of reunion-time to understand. Even then one misses a great deal. But it is not true that "We will see it all senior year anyway"; the average senior is far too busy. Commencement of one's last year is quite a different thing from the Commencement of the three preceding years; just as working behind the scenes at a theatre differs from watching the play from an orchestra seat. The illusion and the glamour which charm the

spectator are missed by the participant. Next year,—or the year after,—we shall be shifting the scenes;—to-night we may still sit among the audience.

Heigho! "We can't do everything," sighs the care-free freshman. And unfortunately he is right. Yet it seems almost a pity that a larger number of us cannot do this particular thing. A pity more from our point of view than from any other. For certainly the college seems to worry along through the Week very well without us. And the Seniors—

This is a leader, but it is not intended as an exhortation. As the hypnotist down at Poli's says: "It's su'gestion, that's all."

*R. D. Hillis.*

## DEL GESU.

THE grey mist of falling snow almost hid the tall shadow that was approaching along the quiet little street. A solitary square glare of light cut its way through the twilight, softened into a flickering fog by the heavy flakes of snow, distinguishing the window of a tiny shop from the little patches of yellow light that marked its cottage neighbors.

Slowly the shadow developed into a man, limping carefully along the unshovelled sidewalk. As he came into the region of light about the shop window, he was outlined clearly against the shadowy, glittering background—a great bulk of a man, wrapped in a bulging great-coat, low-drawn cap, and knitted muffler, hugging under one arm an unmistakable fiddle-case. Below the coat, beside one trousered ankle, the slender staff of a peg-leg sank deeply into the soft snow. The man glanced at the lighted window as he passed, and then stopped and turned to look closely into it. Above the glittering things of steel, where the frost was just crawling over the pane, among the dark objects stretched on a cord across the window, hung a violin—old and battered, its cover-board bulging clear away from its walls all down one side, and its ebony tail-piece dangling loosely from one or two slack strings. For a full minute, the man looked at it and then slowly turned away. But the white placard hanging below caught his eye.

“Such a violin for five dollars,” he muttered slowly to himself. “It isn’t—can’t be a Strad.” He studied it very closely. “Nor del Gesu, but it’s very old.” He left the window and started away, dragging the wooden leg through the snow.

“It must be some sort of a Cremona, anyway—that double purfling on the belly!”—and abruptly he turned back and fumbled with the iron latch of the door at the right of the bright window. As the door swung inward, it opened another oblong of light which projected the shadow of the tall figure



far out into the misty snow-storm. The man entered and closed the door.

Soon, a little face, extended upward into a bald head and downward into a flowing beard, appeared behind the window. The old violin was unhung and disappeared, with the face, back into the shop. The light shone out quietly into the mist, and, in a moment, the door opened and the man with the violin-case stumped out into the snow, with a similar object wrapped in brown paper under the other arm.

Slowly he limped through the snow for several squares further, until the cottages began to give way to little shops, some dark and tight-shut for the night, others brightening up the storm with their brilliant windows, proclaiming their business with huge globes of colored water, or glistening brass beer-signs half covered with snow, or perhaps a glimpse through the spreading frost of more or less tempting pastry. At length, the man stopped at a little dark door between two lighted shops. Overhead a little sign creaked in the draft that whistled into the darkness, as he opened the door; and as it swung to and fro the light from the windows glistened upon its rusty gilt letters, heralding the shop of a violin-maker. The door was sucked shut by the wind, and, step by step, the wooden leg was drawn up the dark stairs. A dim crack of light showed under a door on the landing above. The man opened the door and entered a little shop.

One hanging kerosene lamp, turned very low, cast a yellow light about the little room. On one wall a row of glistening violins reflected the glow from their rounded surfaces, and another wall was hung thick with pasteboard patterns, outlining dimly every sort of violin, from the tiniest child-fiddle to huge bass-viol. On a bench under the lamp one violin lay on its face, opening its yellow inside to the light—its maple back glistened nearby, wedged into a pattern-form. The big man stumped slowly across the bare floor and pushed aside a heavy curtain in the opposite wall. The cheery light of a little sitting-room beyond cast the shop behind him into deeper shadow.

"Is that you, Samuel?" called a gentle old voice from a further room.

"Yes, Sarah, it's me." As the big man started to unwrap his huge knited muffler, a little gray-haired woman hurried into the room to help him with his snowy coat.

"Why, Samuel, what's this you've got here?"

The old man smoothed the front of his blue veteran's coat, and then slowly unwrapped the brown paper package which lay beside his fiddle-case. "It's a violin, sister—an old violin."

"Another one, Samuel—you have so many now!"

"This is different. This is an old one." He examined it carefully. "Yes, it's an old one—a Cremona master, certainly. Not a Stradivarius, for it is too thick under the bridge. No, not a Strad," he muttered. He took a violin bridge from his case, set it on the belly of the old fiddle, and began to draw up the loose strings. "No, I won't play it until it has been glued. Think it's one of the Giuseppe del Gesu—see the beautiful curved f-holes and the double purfling—and how smoothly the varnish is rubbed away—not clipped at all! I think it's del Gesu—and if—if it—"

"But, Samuel, why did you buy another, and such an old worn-out one, when you can make such beautiful ones yourself?"

"Sarah—I can make them—but I can't sell them"—he looked sadly at his sister as he slowly rubbed his hand over the old fiddle—"people nowadays want cheap ones—from the city. I can make violins, but not—cheap ones." The old man was drifting off, as if to himself—fondling his new treasure like a great grown-up child, studying every detail of its workmanship. "Yes, Sarah—"

His sister had already hurried out of the room, and in a moment returned with two or three dishes for their little supper.

"Come, Samuel, supper is ready."

The old man continued to study his violin, too intent to hear her.

"Yes, Sarah, if that is the sort of a violin that I think it is—"

well, we'll see. It certainly is very valuable—worth lots and lots of money."

"Samuel," she urged.

"It'll make up for the others that I can't sell. Wonder who left it in that pawn shop." He searched the worn varnish again for some sort of a mark that he might know.

"Samuel, your supper is getting cold. Won't you sit down?"

"Oh, yes, Sarah—I forgot." At last, he stumped over to his chair, putting the violin on the corner of the table where he could look at it as he ate. He took up his fork to eat his share of the little lunch, but held it idly in his hand, for he could not take his eyes from the little dark brown fiddle. His sister ate rapidly, fidgeting at his silence.

"Did the rehearsal go well?"

"Why—oh, yes, Sarah—very well."

She watched him with sisterly anxiety.

"Is it cold outdoors?"

"Not very—sister."

Still he did not eat. He laid down his fork and settled back in his chair to think.

"What is the matter, Samuel? Don't you like your supper?"

"Yes. Now, Sarah— I was just thinking. It means a lot to me. If I can sell that violin, everything will—we'll have some money to help along. I wonder whose it is. Master-pieces don't lie around pawn-shops!" Again he drifted away among his thoughts.

"I wish you'd let it alone long enough to eat your supper."

"I will, Sarah—I will. Then I am going to take off the cover-board and look at the inside. Perhaps—"

He ate a few mouthfuls and sipped a little of his tea. Then he took the violin and hobbled out into his shop. Sarah sighed, for her patience was exhausted. She nervously brushed back the thin gray hair from her face, and busily set herself to clearing away the dishes.

Her brother was already standing before his work bench in a long, striped apron, tools all about him, slowly working loose

what little glue still held the lid upon the old violin. His hands almost shook with excitement as the cover-board finally pulled loose from the walls. Then he wiped away the dust from the yellow wood inside and pulled his extra glasses down from their place upon his forehead, to search for a date. In an instant he saw it. He hurried to the door of the little sitting-room as fast as his peg-leg would carry him, and called through the curtain:

"Sarah, come here—quick!"

She hurried in and bent over the old violin with him, rather through curiosity than real interest. The violin-maker pointed with a trembling finger at the slip of dingy old paper bearing the master's signature: "Hanc fecit Giuseppe Amati, I. H. S."

"I can't read it without my glasses," she complained.

"It's del Gesu's signature—see? It's an old master. It's worth thousands of dollars perhaps. Think of it, Sarah!"

The old lady collapsed into a backless chair at the mentioning of such an amount of money—"And it's yours?"

"Yes, Sarah—all mine." In an ecstasy of delight, the old man unhooked a beautiful new violin from the row on the wall, and snatching a bow from the bench, swung into a sweet old lullaby, making his little fiddle sing his joy until one could almost hear the words in its swelling tones.

The old lady sat with clasped hands, almost weeping with the melody. The tiny shop was filled with the beautiful song and every other violin in the room seemed to vibrate with it and to re-echo the rich notes.

There was a soft rap on the outer door.

The music suddenly ceased, and the player hobbled to the door. A forlorn, snow-covered little man stood outside.

"Is this Samuel—"

"Yes—come in—sit down, won't you?"

The little stranger bowed in embarrassment to the old lady and sank into the nearest chair without even removing his snowy cap.

"I've come to see you about a violin."

"Yes, yes. I'm very glad to see you." The violin-maker

slipped off his long work apron and turned toward the row of fiddles on the wall. "A new one?"

"Oh, no—an old one—a very old one. He said you had it—the Jew who keeps the little pawn-shop over here on—"

"The Jew—" the other echoed.

"Yes; he said he sold it to you to-night. I've come to buy it of you."

"The one I bought—" the old man stammered.

"Oh, yes. It's mine, you know. I pawned it—I had to," he almost groaned as he said it. "I had to have the money—you see, I—and I could not get enough to redeem it until to-night—and you had bought it."

The musician hobbled over to the bench. "This is it."

"May I have it?" The poor man almost plead in his earnestness.

The violin-maker hesitated, his back to the stranger, stroking the maple back of his treasure. His sister could only gasp his name beseechingly, and covered her face with her hands. The old man continued to stroke the old violin.

"Yes, it's a very old violin. Yours—is it?"

"Oh, yes. You see, I had to have the money—"

"I see." He continued to stroke it lovingly, turned half away from the stranger. "And I suppose I—"

"Samuel!" His sister spoke almost in fear.

"I know, Sarah, I—it's lots of money and—you see, sir, I bought it and—" Neither ventured to help him, though each watched him breathlessly, beseechingly, unable to speak.

After a moment he turned toward the stranger.

"Yes, you can have it—here it is. I—I knew it didn't belong to me."

The little man took it, almost lovingly. He could only stammer his gratitude and stumble out into the hallway.

The old couple were left alone and the tall soldier again took up his lullaby.

*Grant Milnor Hyde.*

## VAE VICTIS.

“So,” said the Cardinal, “my task is done.”  
Forthwith he dropped the golden crucifix  
Which, sliding, rustled down his fur-bound lace  
(So still the cold square you could hear the rasp  
Of bead on bead), quick turned, sedately mute,  
And climbed the three steps of his gilded throne.  
As the voice ceased, Ludovic, head upraised,  
Looked ripe for speech, he spread his hands abroad,  
But the masked men—yawning this little while—  
Lifted him high against the pitch-smear'd stake,  
Making all fast with triple knotted bonds.  
When the crowd saw his body whitely reared  
In the blue twilight, there arose a snarl  
Like some kept beast that sees awaited food  
Thrust through the bars. Then mighty clamor came;  
The yellow-hatted Jews screamed unrebuked,  
The friars viperish hissed, and a foul song  
Coupling his name with one more noble ran  
From mouth to eager ear, until the guards,  
Stirred by the prelate's jeweled gesture, smote  
Flatling among the herd and stilled the verse.  
Yet Ludovic stood idly, staring far  
Upon the curtained windows of the queen,  
Seeming to listen for a distant call.  
Now the first smoke sent taper fingers up,  
Between the serried fagots 'round his feet,  
A mountain wind went speaking overhead,  
Telling of snow peaks and the winter's van.  
He shivered, gasped, waking from his long daze.  
At this the justice from his lofty seat  
Spoke solemnly, “Degraded Prince of Christ,  
False shepherd in the fold, what wouldst thou say?”  
Ludovic groaned and raised his eyes once more  
To where, beneath a purple evening star,  
The dusky palace seemed of porphyry.  
“Woe to those men by whom offences come!”

He cried. Responsive tolled the minster bells,  
Ringing their passing to his fire-scoured soul.  
"And woe to me since God hath found me out!  
And woe to those that shall come after me!"  
The smoke rose thick—he coughed—then spoke anew.  
"There rode a woman down my springtime vale  
With silver bridle bells and spears before.  
Her women sang behind her—muttered jests  
Because a certain youth (ye saw his head  
Fly blown on yonder gate) strode by the side  
Between her and the gaping dotard sot  
Ye call a king, fenced in his castle ward!  
Crossing myself, I prayed. Methought it was  
The sea-born Cyprian, out of Horsel come.  
But she smiled on me with her sceptred eyes.  
What then? I followed. Ye have seen the rest."  
A red glare mounting caught the rolling smoke,  
The bells tolled hollow. From the palace front  
Breathed pipings mingled with the noise of lutes.  
A spinner in the throng croaked bitterly,  
"She dances while he burns." The scarlet priest  
Moved in his place. Those nearer saw his hands  
Go fluttering among the furs and robes.  
Then came a failing murmur from the blaze,  
"Beware of those by whom offences come."

*Thomas Beer.*

## THE WILL AND THE WAY.

HANSEN stopped writing. He crumpled the paper, tossed it into the waste basket and looked up at his visitor. It was young Larremore, tall, handsome, smiling, who stood leaning against the jamb of the door, languidly clinking his spurs with an indolence that ill accorded with his clean Saxon face. As Hansen scrupulously wiped his pen, a faint expression of doggedness grew in his face.

"Mr. Larremore," he began, "I wish to bring a serious fact to your notice,—two serious facts. First: the Rio Planco Construction Company is the Mexican representative of Milbank Brothers,—their only stake in the field; America's only stake in this sort of work. On this job depends, not only the success or failure of our company, but the prospect for all American engineering enterprise in Mexico. I will return to that. Secondly, the Rio Planco Construction Company is under contract bound to complete this Durango dam by the first of May or forfeit a million dollars,—all the sub-structure; and—James Larremore, it's up to you! Four weeks, the peons on edge, the million slipping from our grasp, and what's more, the future of Milbanks, of America. of Mexico! It's the chance of a life-time—and we've squandered it! Don't you realize— Oh! why on earth— What's that?"

He had risen now and was leaning over his desk toward the young manager, his face intense with anxiety.

"The peons want their pay? But it's coming! Milbanks is back of us. Tell them they will have,—one week, two weeks, what difference does it make to them? Sanford has promised that he will be here as soon as possible. They can work yet; and you, *you* are the one to make them. Sanford's worried; he says if we don't get this job done in time—"

"I can't help the Indians," said Larremore's slow voice calmly. "They work their number of baskets, and half of them are laid up to-day, anyhow."



At this Hansen's red face flushed into a paroxysm of vexation.

"You can't help the Indians!" he broke forth. "I'll tell you plain and straight, James Larremore, that if it were not for you and your ways, that work would be completed now. The Indians! Who invited them to that brawl over in the cursed pulque-shop yesterday afternoon? You're the only one in the whole camp who has any money, and you waste it in rioting and reveling with those beastly laborers. You won't lend it for the emergency; but you get your men drunk, and then—Confound it! If I were not down here in this cursed country where there's no one to hire and every new fellow goes to the dogs— Look! It's up to you! *You've* got to do it! If Mr. Sanford himself should be down—"

"I guess he's been my father's friend longer'n he's been yours, Mr. Hansen," drawled Larremore. "But I'm sorry; my duty calls me down to the dam just now."

With a curling smile of defiance, Larremore clanked out of the room. Hansen still stood behind the desk, his face livid with uncontrol. A sharper gleam than usual had lighted up those soft, watchful eyes that had so often charmed him into toleration. Larremore was undeniably handsome,—too handsome, and so fearlessly unperturbed that it was easy to trust him. There was a quiet mastery lurking in his slow, careful manner. Hansen could not but fear him; and yet, with all the promise, Larremore's life at camp had been tolerated only because there was no other engineer available within a thousand miles; and Larremore, too, was the son of the senator who was first vice-president of the Milbank Construction Company. Hansen's cooling temper told him at once that he had gone too far; he had not the slightest idea what the young scatter-brain would do. That last keen gleam might mean anything.

With a silent premonition, Hansen slowly crossed over to the window. The tiny construction camp lay spread out on the sunny luxuriance of the mountain side, vast shaggy slopes towering above to the left, and below, the long, curving trail that led down to where the huge structure of masonry was

slowly, almost imperceptibly, building, layer on layer, month by month, until it should reach the height of the knolls on either side and hold back the Ponango River, to flood the deep valley, where so lately had nestled a little village and many ruined farms. With one despairing glance down at the glistening whiteness of the wall, Hansen covered the tiny square with his gaze. Larremore had not left it yet; he had stopped his pony under the fluttering blue and white ribbons of the pulque house. Old Juana was handing him the little jug that Hansen had grown to fear and dread. It was failure! He was flaunting his indifference in the face of the whole village!

Hansen sank back into his chair almost with a sob of anguish. His hands roved restlessly through his hair; his eyes were glazed and stern, and his lips broke into stammered ejaculations that seemed the moanings of a man insane.

"He has ruined us, ruined us!" he cried weakly. "I cannot understand it; I have done my best for the boy,—but why, oh! *why* must my life be ruined by one lazy, selfish strip of a lad that stands between me and success? He'll never do it; he won't be roused. He'll drink and drink and— I never told him that my all was in it; he would have scorned it the more. But now,—he will not hear, he will not hear! I've done my best."

There was something in his simple, despairing grief that would have moved young Larremore if he had seen it. But in truth he could not have imagined the strong, stern figure of Hansen thus bent, shaking, over the table, his hands working painfully to and fro. There was an incompatibility in the thought of the General Manager, the typical business man, grim, square-mouthed, steady-gazed, overcome by any emotion. He usually struck one with a helpless wonderment at his iron endurance and the relentless strength of his determination. Hansen himself felt the change. The fears, the anxieties, the worries of weeks had overpowered him, and his indomitable spirit lay crushed. He would have died to have pulled through that work; his was the dogged, bull-dog nature that knew no evil but defeat,—to whom this bondage to the carelessness of

a boy was the bitterest gall. If he only knew Mexican well himself; or had the long-awaited money; or were trained for the work on the field!—but the consciousness of his impotence only lent keener sting to his doom.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed before he raised his head and turned dully again to his letter. The long afternoon drew slowly to a close; but he worked on with the momentum of a conscientious persistence. He wondered, as he looked up for a moment at the fiery red splendor of the sunset up over the valley, if he could have been more decided.

"There is still another chance," he murmured almost unconsciously. "I will be firmer yet. He is only a boy; I am a man, and he will obey me."

Once more with the grim, humorless mouth, and eyes this time lighted by an ominous look of conquered suffering, he grasped his hat and strode silently across the sunny square and into the road that twisted precariously down the hill to the foot of the dam. He could easily see it now, a mammoth, glistening wall raising its lofty crest far up the sides of the mountain. The pride, the glory of it all came back to him,—*his* work, bigger than Babel, joining the world-old peaks and ready to seize for its own the little valley which they guarded. Already there was a monstrous daring in the impudent size of the thing. It seemed to him Man's omnipotence writ boldly on the face of Nature. The darkening hills seemed to draw away from it in fear, and to gaze down on its white buttresses with a sort of awe. And this great work was not to be finished! His whole spirit rose; if it should be the most terrible struggle of his life, he would win!

Faster and faster he went on down the shingly hill. He picked up a stick and struck vigorously at the shredded banana leaves that hung over his path; and boiled with eagerness for the future fight as he watched the creeping row of white-clad, brown-bare peons bent beneath their loads. He espied Larremore, too, just down the slope a bit, watching the work with arms akimbo, as he smoked and chatted with a Mexican beside him. Presently he burst into a laugh and Hansen could see

his handsome head thrown back, and the sombrero fall to one side. Even the sluggish "*charro*" looked up and smiled with admiration. Hansen walked faster, digging into the rolling sands with his feet like an inexorable Fate.

Of a sudden he stopped. What! It was Sanford! Could it be? There was no mistaking the commanding gray figure that was making its way quickly up the path from the opposite direction. No one who had ever been office boy at Milbank's could forget that erect carriage and immaculate air of confidence. Sanford, for whom Hansen cared more than any one else in the world, whose acumen and assurance had been his ideals ever since those far, early boyish days in the office! In the joy and haste of recognition Hansen forgot his discomfiture and defeat. He had not expected him for a week, perhaps two. He had urged him to come, told him of the delays; but—why, he was stopping to talk with Larremore. A moment later Hansen was up beside them.

"Yes, I met your father not ten days ago," Sanford was saying, "and he told me especially to see how you were. He had an idea you were working too hard,—hadn't heard from you, or something,—but he said he thought it was only Larremore grit. He's proud of you and he knows this is the biggest work of the year in engineering lines; but,—say," his voice sobered, "it is going slow, isn't it?—slower than we thought it would, back there in the States. I think it can be done, though,—I know it could by your father. It's just like him to worry over your working too hard, while he never lets up on the reins himself; but he's a wonderful man. D'you know, he's always been an inspiration to us men of his class? I think there isn't one of us who doesn't get back to his office every once in a while when our ideals are low,—he's got so much energy and earnestness,—and as for courage, why, not even this job could stump him! I owe him more—

"Why, hello, Hansen! I didn't see you at all. You look tired, worried; I fear it's been a strain on you."

Hansen stammered confusedly; he was gazing with a strange expression at young Larremore's face. Beneath the bronze

crept a slow flush of pleasure that took the place of his first surprise. The fine-cut lips quivered a second, and were stern, and Larremore looked away. Sanford was still gripping his arm unconsciously, and the boy was as if an electric current had passed through him.

"It—it can't be done," said Hansen hopelessly.

"Done? Why, yes it can; though, bless me, a day or two more would have made close work. But there's a Larremore at the wheel. You know the Senator, don't you, Hansen? He always said it was the fighting chance that showed up the family; and, Jim, we expect great things from you. Hansen wrote me that you were the only one who could manage the men."

"But there's the pay," Hansen interjected doubtfully. "You haven't any?"

"No," said Sanford thoughtfully. "Very true."

Larremore looked down, his cheeks twitching like a strong man's in doubt, and Sanford, with a grim smile, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"It has got to fall from heaven," he said.

Suddenly Larremore's eyes looked up warmly, straight into the sharp, but kindly ones, that seemed to pierce his heart. His mouth curled, too, into a queer, grim smile that was much like Sanford's.

"I have some," he said. "I guess it's all there is in camp, but I think it is enough. I—I'm very glad you came, Mr. Sanford,—but it's time for me to get to work."

He turned abruptly and was gone. There was something in his voice that made both men silent, until they turned to go up the hill.

"Fine fellow," commented Sanford. "He's got his father's seriousness. All he wants is something to fight for."

"And not against," added Hansen, soberly.

"Exactly."

A few weeks later, on his way north, as his train was rolling out of the mammoth station at St. Louis, Sanford tore open

two telegrams in haste. One, with the signature of James Larremore, made him smile with a smile that was anything but grim.

"It will mean a lot to his father. Part payment of an old debt," he murmured. "And perpetual interest, too."

*Elmer D. Keith.*

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CYRANO.

Life is aglow with joy, aflame with laughter,  
Since love was born, tho' love be unrevealed;  
Alas for grisly death that loometh after!  
Yet unto death's most horrent guise I'd yield,  
Yea, bless slow crawling pain or bleeding strife,  
If thee from one short grief I thus might shield—  
Heart of my heart, I love thee more than life!

Death is a cloak of peace, a balm for sorrow,  
Since ne'er to thee my love I may outpour;  
Alas for morrow after hopeless morrow!  
Yet would I live of years an endless store,  
Nor pray to draw once less my weary breath,  
If so thou hadst one joyous moment more—  
Heart of my heart, I love thee more than death.

*T. L. Riggs.*

## C. Wyllys Betts Prize Essay

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### FATE IN OEDIPUS REX AND IN KING LEAR.

**F**ATE has always played a prominent part in the great classic tragedies. The Oedipus Rex of Sophocles, the Electra, in which the central point of the Orestrian trilogy has been made the subject of a drama, and the Seven Against Thebes, in which we see the fratricidal pair, Polynices and Eleocles, urged on by a resistless and inexorable fate to their final mutual doom, are the most striking examples of Fate in classical literature. In each the Greek conception of Fate is supreme. In the gods "there is a mighty, divine power which grows not old," and "Men overmighty in stature are plunged in helpless ruin."

This use of Fate, bare, unrelieved Fate in which man is the ball of the gods' caprice, has, however, in the course of time, become more and more circumscribed. In this gradual diminution of the importance of the Fate element, the influence of Christianity has played, perhaps, the chief part. The gloomy, sombre conception of the Greek Fate was dissipated before the cheerful and inspiring doctrine of a just and merciful God. The advance in philosophical thought has likewise contributed to the lessening importance of the fatalistic idea. The discoveries of Galileo, the theories of the essentially religious Spinoza and the broadening horizon given us by the later philosophers, Bacon, Locke, Berkley, Hume, Kant and Hegel, have resulted in a viewpoint which reduces Fate to an outworn theory which we can look on with tolerance not unmingled with comprehending sympathy. The Renaissance displaced the mediæval conceptions of society and philosophy and in its light the Greek conceptions were modified and fused in a new and hopeful system of beliefs in which fatalism had no part and in

which there was a great development of the doctrine of individualism. The Reformation, impossible without the Renaissance, carried further the emancipation of the individual. In the Reformation, individualism, the antithesis of Fate, reached its height.

As a result in the Elizabethan dramas, if we except a few dramas including the Duchess of Malfi and Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Fate does not appear and the dramatic catastrophe stands in direct relation to conduct. In Dr. Faustus there is no Fate element; sin and wilful transgression are punished. In the majority of Shakespeare's plays the same is true. Macbeth's crime is the deliberate, wilful murder of his sovereign. His crime is dictated by ambition. His desecration of the guest right and his disloyalty to his sovereign are fitly punished. In Julius Caesar we see the development of the same theme, the punishment of murder. The crime of Brutus must be expiated. Unbridled sensuality, conquering his better nature, is the keynote of Antony's downfall in Antony and Cleopatra. Wilful prostitution of his highest talents and abilities meets with its punishment.

But still we find at least one of Shakespeare's plays in which Fate lies between the Greek and Elizabethan conception, namely, *King Lear*. Though he says, "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport," this idea of man's impotence, of a frightful and disproportionate punishment is based on a foundation of justification, however inadequate. Lear's faults were real and grievous faults, his punishment inestimably less than that of Oedipus. The Greek idea that Nemesis could not be coaxed or cajoled, "no sacrifice or libation can save a man's soul from death," is reflected in the *Oedipus Rex*. The king is an example of the belief that in spite of the purest intentions a man may fail utterly because he is an object of aversion to the gods.

This is the Sophoclean idea of Fate as we find it in *Oedipus Rex*. To Sophocles Fate is the cause of the woes of the house of the Labdacidæ—the prophecy that Oedipus will marry his mother and beget fratricidal offspring and that he will slay his



own father is fulfilled. Before his birth he was chosen to be the unnatural instrument of vengeance on his father and mother. All is predestined. Before the play opens the diabolical machinery of Fate has been set in motion and the theme of the play is merely the working out of this predestination. The spectators, divided between horror and pity, saw the implacable, avenging Fate stalk on to its purpose with awful strides. Nothing could deter it, the character of its victim nor the holiness of his intentions.

In *King Lear*, perhaps Shakespeare's only "schicksals drama," we find as in *Oedipus Rex* that the king has not committed an enormous crime. His is the vast and disproportionate punishment of a man of good intentions, not the punishment of a Brutus or Macbeth. Thus Shakespeare, without design, gives us an exposition of Fate, which Sophocles consciously utters as his religion. It may be urged that comparisons between a Greek and Shakespearean tragedy can rest only on the slenderest foundations. But if we find that the plays are not dissimilar in cast and action, that the centuries have not left an unabridged chasm, the two plays may be compared without doing violence to fact or falling back on imagination.

The analogy in the two plays is first of all in their fundamentability. The emotions depicted, the passions displayed and the crimes committed are primitive, elemental crimes, emotions and passions. In *Oedipus* love, hatred, incest and the blinding and despair of the aged king are displayed. In *King Lear* murder, adulterous passion, madness and death are the elements which make us feel the elemental, primitive nature of the play.

*King Lear*, too, is no less primitive, perhaps more so, than *Oedipus*. Despite the lapse in years, the conception of the king given us by the fifth century B. C. and the sixteenth century dramatist is similar. The *Lear* legend dates far back in the Celtic mythology. Layamon, Geoffrey of Monmouth and Holinshed are the sources. The picture Shakespeare has given us of *Lear* is a savage, passionate, wild old Celtic king. Essentially this is his character—divested of his royal trappings

and Elizabethan ceremonials we have this savage king in a savage time, when ambition did not stop at assassination and calculated revenge took the form of blinding an old man.

Moreover, the two kings had in common overbearing pride. Oedipus had the nature of an executive, of a man whose achievements were great, and this domineering pride constituted, as in Lear, his tragic fault. Impetuously Oedipus rushes to Delphi on the impulse of a chance word uttered by a drunkard. Without consulting anyone he suddenly decides to leave Corinth. His blind outburst at Tiresias, his revulsion of feeling when he hears of the cross-roads from Jocasta and his sudden elation at hearing the news of Polybus' death, all show his impulsive, passionate nature. Lear, like the Theban king, is choleric, proud and quick tempered. From this pride and quick temper result his disinheriting his daughter and banishing Kent, his furious outburst at Oswald and his rushing off into the storm attended only by the Fool and Kent.

And yet these faults are the faults of a giant, for Lear, like Oedipus, is of heroic mould. In this respect Lear is not inferior to Othello, Hamlet and Antony. The figure of Lear is gigantic and sublime; as Lamb says, "you might more easily personate the Satan of Milton upon the stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures." Lear's greatness, his grandeur and the volcanic eruptions of his passion make him the most impressive at the same time that he is one of the most pathetic of Shakespeare's great characters. The wild raging of the elements, the savage fury of the storm are fit concomitants of a figure so colossal in its might, and strongly symbolize the storm and anguish of the aged king's mind. Oedipus is no less a character of noble and tremendously impressive attributes. Like the usual figures of the Greek drama, he is loftily stern and mighty, a grand, heroic figure, "one of the forms of the gigantesque olden times with which Old Nestor was conversant." His mighty blaze of indignation at the seer, his sustained devotion to the gods and control even in the agony of soul and body in which we see him at the close of the play emphasize this heroic greatness.

Equally gigantic were the sufferings and tortures of the kings. The storm on the heath, the raging of the elements are no more impressive than Lear's sufferings. His kingdom gone, his pride shattered by the insolent defiance and lovelessness of his two daughters, and his final madness and desolation at the sight of the dead body of his daughter—what could surpass the spectacle of the woe and suffering of Lear unless it be the ruin of the Theban king? In a prosperous reign, happily married and with fair issue, rejoicing in the esteem of his fellow citizens and conscious of his rectitude, Oedipus is suddenly disclosed the murderer of his father, responsible for the plight of the city and guilty of a most revolting incest. No picture could be more pathetic than the blind old king leaving Thebes, suddenly plunged in suffering and misery, the work of a lifetime undone, estranged from the citizens and having invoked a curse on his children.

Of his ruin the Chorus says at the conclusion of the play, "O inhabitants of Thebes, my country, behold this Oedipus who solved the famous enigma and was the most exalted of mankind, looking with no envious eye upon the enviable fortunes of the citizens, behold into how vast a stormy sea of tremendous misery he hath come."

Here in the chorus is Sophocles speaking to us; as in this role he advised and admonished Oedipus from his interview with Tiresias to the end of the play, so also the Fool advises Lear and in this velvet-footed creature, half sage, half natural, we catch a glimpse of Shakespeare.

The comments, the minatory suggestions of the Chorus, "time were it for him to employ a foot in flight more vigorous than coursers swift as the storm," are intended for the audience. The Chorus is essentially a vehicle for the interpretation of the play to the spectators. The Fool's is the same function in *King Lear*. He interprets the action of the drama. The pregnant line, "All thy other titles hast thou given away (but fool); that thou wast born with," is the notable summary of the king's conduct. How finely symbolical, too, is his going "to bed at noon."

A minor point of comparison perhaps, but an analogy equally startling and close, is the likeness of the daughters Regan and Goneril to the Furies of the Greek drama. These twin figures, seemingly instinct with malignity, are the Greek personifications of evil, the Eumenides. Relentless, implacable as ministers of Fate they drive on their unfortunate victim to hopeless ruin. Unmoved by appeals for mercy, pitiless, exulting even in the malicious joy of hounding their victims on to destruction, these "pelican daughters" play their vicious part in the economy of the drama.

Thus we see the similarity of the two plays. We have seen the fundamentability and essential primitiveness of the two kings; we have seen their overbearing pride and imperiousness and the consequences of these traits. The gigantic mould in which they are cast, consistent in Oedipus' case with the conventional figures of the Greek drama, but more unusual in Shakespeare, has been noted. Likewise the equally great sufferings and tortures of the hero kings are evident from a study of the two dramas. The similarity in construction likewise has been shown, the analogy between the Fool and the Chorus and the resemblance of Regan and Goneril to the Eumenides.

Thus, having seen the similarity of the two plays in cast and action, we may proceed to the last general analysis, to the final resulting distinction. Lear is indeed, as Kreyssig says, "the tragedy of the categorical imperative." It is Shakespeare's contribution to the refutation of the theory that "everything is for the best in this best of possible worlds." In each drama Fate, the dire and disproportionate penalty for a slight offense, is clearly shown. The penalty and punishment in each drama are so vast as only to be explained by a supernatural power—by Fate.

In King Oedipus the horrible punishment of loss of kingdom and sight and unwitting incest is the result of predestination. The Greek play is bald and bold. We have predestination, absolute fate, without justification, which, if it be accepted, leads to downright scepticism and pessimism. In King Lear

we find that there is some justification and also that the punishment is less harrowing. Unlike Oedipus, who is the predestined object of Fate's caprice, Lear has transgressed grievously in disinheriting his daughter and banishing the faithful Kent. In summoning Cordelia before the courtiers and her sisters and demanding that she strive with her sisters in expressing her love for him he was demanding what her fine nature could not give. She shrank from the ordeal and on this account was insulted, flouted before the court and her future husband and expelled from the kingdom. Surely, on this account Lear's reckoning should be heavy! Equally cruel and unprovoked was his banishment of Kent. Shakespeare has shown us a man who has sinned—whose fault was great. The Fate element lies solely in the disproportionate punishment. It does not lie in the punishment of an innocent man. On the contrary, the only cause for Oedipus' punishment is to be found in his striking the stranger at the cross-roads. It is here that the Sophoclean idea of an absolute Fate is contrasted with the Shakespearean conception. The blow which struck down his assailant on the highway, a blow delivered in self-defence against a supposed stranger, becomes in the awful Greek conception of Fate, a blow which makes Oedipus a parricide and leads to the loss of kingdom and sight and the crime of incest. There is nothing resembling this conception in Shakespeare save possibly in the Witches in Macbeth. Sophocles' conception is more awful, more monumental, but less comprehensible and less human than Shakespeare's. Fate to Shakespeare is the vast, disproportionate punishment of a slight offence; to Sophocles Fate is an unmerited punishment even more severe and resulting from predestination.

*John Francis Collins.*

## "THE HAUNTED SHIP."

THE schooner "Aubrey and Willie" lay beside the quay, loaded, with crew and stores aboard, ready for sea. Sitting on her cabin house, the mate was swinging his feet, scowling darkly at the eddies the tide made about the stones of the dock, and puffing so hard at his pipe that a great cloud of smoke arose and hung over him in the still air. He looked up quickly as a step grated on the gravel, and heaved himself down from his seat as the skipper dropped to the deck. The two men shook hands in mutual introduction and went below together. Once inside the cabin the mate's quiet mien left him, and his words came quick and short between the nervous little puffs at his pipe.

"You're skipper here," he said, leaning his elbows on the red table cloth; "if you'll excuse my askin', do you know what you're about?"

The captain turned in his stateroom door, and stared his mate in the face for a full half minute, then—"Well, really, Mr. Brown," he said, "I can't see what it is to you. I know my business, and I ask no questions of anyone as to what I'm about. I'm skipper here, yes."

The mate got up and took two steps towards the companion-way, hesitated, and stood there, his pipe in his hand, looking at the skipper as he if were trying to solve a riddle.

"Well!" cut in the skipper sharply, "what is it, Mr. Brown? Out with it, if you please! Don't hang so long in stays; speak up!"

"It's no affair of mine, sir," said the mate, eyeing the skipper like a cat, "but this vessel's got a queer reputation—this 'Aubrey and Willie'—she's not right, you see, and she's a bad craft to go to sea in for that reason. I thought you ought to know, sir." He turned to go.

"Avast a minute," said the skipper. "She's got a bad reputation, has she? What's the matter with her?"

"Nothin', so far as I know about." And the mate turned again towards the steps.

"Now, look-a-here, Mr. Brown; let's not have any trouble over this; you'd best be frank with me. It'll be better for all of us. What's the matter with this schooner; is she rotten?"

"O, it ain't that," said the mate; "it ain't that at all. She's *sound* enough, I guess, but there's somethin' queer the matter with her, somethin' you can't lay your hand on, somethin' you can't shoot." His eyes were on the revolver that hung by the head of the skipper's berth. "She's haunted, and a haunted ship's bad company at sea. There's a sight o' men been lost on this 'Aubrey and Willie'; a powerful sight. She was loaded with pearls her first voyage out, you see, and she was captured by a gang of river pirates, boardin' her at night, and they murdered every man aboard of her within the hour. Eight damned souls, waitin' quiet in the hold to get their pay for their torment is bad mates to go to sea with. *What* they do, I don't know, but that's the reason she changes hands so often; she's a bad vessel to have much dealing with." He paused, watching the captain narrowly. The captain waited, his eyes upon the floor. "Do you know what she's loaded with?" asked the mate.

She skipper looked up. "Yes," he said, "cement."

"Aye," said the mate, "cement on top, but underneath, down in the bilge"—he lowered his voice—"pearls. In sacks, neat little canvas sacks, piled up along the planking, between the timbers. Never mind how I know it; it's *so*. Pearls she has, and pearls she had then; there is eight of us here, and eight they were, all gone to Davy Jones, as many a good man has before. I don't like it, sir; if you order me, I'll go ashore."

The skipper sat thinking for some minutes. The ripples from the rising wind, talking quietly under the counter, made themselves heard; the rudder creaked gently to and fro. At last he spoke. "Don't be a fool, Mr. Brown," he said. "I'm hard up, and I've got to take this ship—I'll chance it. You needn't go ashore; no. Do the hands know this?"

"No, sir," said the mate. "I took the trouble to sound them,

before we came aboard, and they know nothin'. That is, exceptin' the damn Portugeese; I didn't talk to *them*. They're a hardy lot, anyhow, and ain't afraid o' nothin'. Shall I call all hands?"

"Yes," said the skipper. "Let's be getting under weigh." The mate went on deck.

The third day out, the two Portuguese presented themselves before the captain, and, in broken English and with many gestures, made it known that they did not wish to sleep forward any longer. What was the matter they did not tell, but shrugged their shoulders and rolled their dark eyes. The captain called them fools, cursed them soundly, and sent them packing forward again. But when they were gone he sat thinking for some time, listening to the droning song of the wind in the rigging, and starting, in spite of himself, every time the galley door banged, as the rolling of the ship swung it to and fro.

The ship was well south now, and the wind and weather held fair; the skipper would have been jubilant at the quick passage, had not the worry of the vague dread bothered him at night. The mate went sullenly about his work, speaking to no one except when it was necessary. But the wind kept hauling south, and getting lighter, till at last, late one afternoon, it died altogether, and fell calm. The sun was scorching, and the swell heavy; the schooner rolled scuppers under and had no steerage-way. The sails were taken in to prevent them from slatting to pieces.

So it continued the rest of that day, and all the next night, and in the morning, about sunrise, the mate knocked on the captain's door. The skipper, faint from the heat and the ceaseless rolling, and nearly frantic from lack of sleep, saw the mate's white face and wild eyes with a start of fear that brought him up in an instant on the edge of his berth.

"Cap'n," said the mate, evenly and slow. "It's just as I feared. Nobody came on deck this mornin' but the two Portugeese, and they whined and shuddered and wouldn't do anything, and when I went below, I found out why. The rest of



the crew are lyin' dead—dead in their bunks." The captain ran his tongue across his dry lips.

"Did those Portugeese rascals—"

"They couldn't," said the mate; "they're nearly crazy with fright. So am I. What with the heat, and the rollin', and the noises at night—the voices in the hold, and openin' doors that I'd locked myself, and the draggin' of heavy, soft things across the deck, and the creak of footsteps comin' across the floor, and knives flashing over you in the dark and cold hands at your throat—"

"What!" cried the skipper, stretching out his hand, "nobody did?"

"Yes," said the mate, sullenly. "Somebody did; or I'm going crazy myself. This ship is cursed, I tell you, and we've got to stay here, for all I can see, till kingdom come, or till we get stabbed while we're asleep. I'm nearly crazy, I know that—probably I'm havin' 'em now, and seein' things that ain't so; I feel as if I were goin' mad, and I don't wonder. But these dead men are real! My God! if I should go mad and murder somebody!— I can kill myself anyhow; I can do that! And then I can get where these damn Portugeese can't leer at me nor you, either! They're crazy, too!" He bent like a flash and snatched the revolver from the socket by the captain's berth. The skipper reached out a feeble hand, but the mate eluded his clutch with a wild laugh, and rushed on deck, raving and cursing.

The captain shivered with fear. His nerves were shreds now, and four murdered men on his ship, with a madman armed and furious, and two fear-crazy Portugeese, who might turn on him any moment and send his soul where it, too, could haunt the vessel—was more than he could stand. There was an uncanny feeling all about him, that made him catch his breath and gasp; every noise of the ship made him cringe. A sea, slapping under the stern, gave a gulping sigh like a man with his throat cut, and the skipper put his hand to his own. So he stood there, helpless, trying to think.

When the skipper raised his eyes from his arm that could

not shut out his horror, it was dark. A man can fight with men, in men's warfare, with a wall at his back and a knife in his hand. But the skipper was seized by the gnawing clutch of fear, lurking about him on every side, and a human soul cannot fight off that terror, clutching at it in the smothering pall of the dark. In a frenzy he hurled himself at the door, throwing his weight on it, pressing his face close against the panels, striving to keep out that horrid thing that he could not see. His hand fell on the chart on the table; a pin was sticking up in it; it marked the ship's position. That familiar circumstance brought him back with a start;—he was captain, why should he fear? In his own ship? There was a confused noise on deck, and a wailing; they were throwing the bodies overboard. The captain made a hurried calculation; thirty-five miles would do it, the sea was smooth, so that a boat could live, and to get away from that ship and the dread of that whistling bullet, and the silent knives of the Portuguese—it was worth it!

In stocking feet he crept to the steps; each board creaked as he touched it—louder in his ears than the groaning and banging of the rolling ship, and he crouched, waiting a chance when he dared cross the quarter-deck, behind the water casks, his compass held in his arms. A black figure moved in the blackness by the rail and a man crawled shuffling across the deck and went forward, something in his hand clinking on the planks. Now was the skipper's chance; the watcher was gone; in an instant he had slipped into the boat and cut the painter. A long, oily sea swept out of the blackness and bore him away from the schooner's stern. But a clumsy step set an oar banging, and they made a wild rush across the deck, with shouts of fury; he could hear them feeling along the rail in the darkness and cursing at the empty painter.

"You did it," screamed the mate, "you murdered 'em, curse you. I'll get you for it yet, too! You think you've fooled me, damn you, but you haven't this time! Not this time!" And he laughed horribly, and sent a bullet singing over the skipper's head.

Late that night, the mate and the two Portuguese sat around the table in the cabin and computed the worth of their pearls. "Not he!" the mate was saying. "He's too scared of this 'haunted' ship to come back with the law behind him. Not he! He'll say nothin' to nobody, an' be thankful, you bet, to be ashore alive. I'm glad I *didn't* hit him—he'll keep the law away from us. He'll make land easy enough; it can't be far, and he had some grub with him. Lord! but he was a damn fool!"

*A. S. Hildebrand.*

## NOTABILIA.

When we talk of beautifying our buildings we must speak softly, for it is a point to be approached with caution. Since the first shock of disillusionment in Freshman year, we have been growing gradually back to a conviction that our architecture is not so deplorable a thing after all; till at length we have reached a point where we are as much surprised as grieved by the well-meaning stranger's mild suggestion: "Of course you can't help your buildings, but it seems as if you might cover them with ivies."

When we have pondered this suggestion a little, we are forced to admit, not, of course, that our buildings are anything but beautiful, but that our well-meaning visitor has hit upon the one thing needful to bring them to the height of perfection. We have but to compare this side of White with that to realize the satisfaction that may be had from a bit of green against our glaring bricks. Viewed in this light, the deliberation with which the class ivies meet the needs of the situation disappoints us.

Might we not, while the Seniors, with all due rites, are planting their ivy in the sacred soil of the Old Campus, make bold to suggest that certain vines be started on the Oval, consecrated, to be sure, by no singing of Latin Odes, and planted by no more august a dignitary than the college gardener, but just as efficient in relieving the glare of our walls. Surely a little strip of the sidewalk might be spared in this cause. Indeed, shrewd observations of the operations around Houghton would indicate that space is to be left there for the planting of vines. If a similar space were to be made around the other buildings of the Oval, two or three unofficial ivies might be planted there each year, to the gratification of our own pride in our buildings and to the discomfiture of critical visitors.

\* \* \* \*

The *LIT.* is greatly indebted to Professor Lewis for his valuable criticism of the last three numbers of the current volume.

R. D. F.

## PORTFOLIO.

## ON "THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS."

"Sweetness and Light"—the cruel irony  
 That Swift, who found this key to Peace, should be  
 The savage wit and unforgiving foe,  
 Embittered by a first Hope's overthrow  
 To waste his life in sullen enmity.

And yet, beneath the glittering panoply  
 Of cynicism, Stella alone could see  
 In that harsh nature, giving blow for blow,  
 Sweetness and Light.

I have not had so stern a fate as he,  
 Scarce more than boy yet; Life's philosophy  
 Lip-learned by rote and axiom I know;  
 But, if the uttermost I undergo  
 In my own life, with it, pray God, there be  
 Sweetness and Light.

*A. E. Baker.*

—In the reign of good King Edward the First, the time of the completion of a certain great cathedral drew near at hand.

And at this time, there went forth a great hue  
 and a cry over all the land for chisellers of  
**THE MIRACLE OF**  
**THE CARVING.**  
 stone, and sculptors far-renowned. Then, from the North and the South and the West and the East, journeyed the monks whose chisels had carved strange shapes, and figures from Holy Writ, upon many a monastery and cathedral wall; and with them came the lay sculptors of greatest skill throughout the breadth of the whole realm. And as they came to report to the Master, to each was allotted his share in the beautification of the Cathedral; to these, the twining vines or rampant beasts that should grace the pillars or their capitals; to these others, the gargoyles or strange monsters that should deck the forgotten corners without. From none was a task withheld, and the church's walls rang merrily all the day with the sound of a thousand busy chisels.

Now it so happened that on a day of distributions, when the sculptors of greatest renown in the realm were pressing in eager ranks before the Master, that there also presented himself one

whose renown had come to no man's ears, and whose works were known to none. One who in appearance seemed an aged man pressed sore by the hand of Time, and bowed by the burden of many years. Him alone the Master knew not, and to him alone did he refuse some share of the labor on the newly-completed Cathedral. And ever, at the refusal of the Master, the old man would withdraw, having in his eyes the light of despair; and ever, at the next distribution, he would present himself once again, having in his eyes the light of hope—only somewhat dimmed.

And so the distributions progressed, until there were no more tasks to allot and no more sculptors to make demand. Yet, there remained the old man, something more bowed and more seeming-aged, and once again he presented himself, making request of the Master, with tears in his voice, for some, even the least, share in the toil. And again the Master, thinking to do wisely, made refusal; whereat, more bowed than before, the old man turned to take his leave. But seized by a sudden compassion, and thinking in his own mind, "What if I grant him his boon, in a spot where none can see?" the Master called back the old man, and speaking him fair, allotted to him a space very high on the east wall of the south transept—a space shrouded in shadow, and beyond the reach of the eyes of those beneath. Then, with a great joy in his heart, the old man thanked humbly the Master, and so departed gladly on his way.

From that time, the old man molested no longer the Master; but, taking silently his allotted post within the Cathedral, himself built diligently the required scaffolding. And all the workers on the walls near by, wondering within themselves, regarded at first with curiosity this newcomer unknown to all. But then, inasmuch as the old man mingled not with the others at the hours of rest or of eating, nor indeed was ever seen to rest or eat or drink, but always departed at sun-down to arrive next day at sun-up, the newcomer dropped very soon out of mind. And every day, unheeded and forgotten, the old man's chisel rang untiringly all the day; and every day, the old man, ever paler and more bowed, left with the oncoming dark, after all the rest.

Now the time of the year was drawing near to the Birth of Our Lord, and the decoration of the great Cathedral had progressed amain. More hurried and thicker than before, the flakes

of stone flew from every hand, for at that holy season many of the workers longed to return once more to their homes, and the shortened days gave light but for a while. Yet none remarked that from the south transept's east wall the chips of stone had almost ceased to fall, nor had any perceived that at every twilight the old man departed with steps that failed him more. And so the days drew on, with activity ever increasing on the one hand, and ever diminishing on the other—until, on a day, the old man's chisel was still.

Now it was not willful unkindness on the part of the others that had led them to put the old man out of mind, and although during the busy day his strange quietness went unmarked, yet close before the sun's setting, when the others were wont to depart leaving the old man yet at his toil, many marvelled that his chisel was active no more, and that his scaffold seemed deserted. And as those wondering stood below and gazed upwards, lo, of a sudden there went up a great cry! For a bright ray, upslanting from the window opposite, and journeying upward as the sun sank, had kissed a sculptured face the Lord Jesus! Of the uttermost beauty it was—sculptured with an art almost more than human, so tender, so compassionate, so long-suffering were its lines. The eyes, downcast, seemed filled with a very great pity, and over the lips there played a smile—a smile so slight as scarcely to be seen, and in its depth, tears rather than laughter. Bright with recent carving it was, and seemed to smile with wistful tenderness upon those below; yet, even as the onlookers, filled with the awe of the miracle, gazed in utter silence, slowly the face faded into shadow and vanished whence it had come.

Then, with a single motion, all turned, calling with eager voice upon the aged sculptor whose name was known to none, and whose work had surpassed that of them all. And with a mocking sound the walls echoed back their clamor, until it entered into the mind of one to climb even to the top of the scaffolding. He climbed, and anon there came a great hush over the assemblage, for it was seen that in the achievement of his task the old man was dead.

*Bayard Rives.*

—The grey-haired proprietor carefully stacked up his boxes of cigarettes on the glass counter. He took a piece of cloth to dust off his wares, and threw it down as a customer entered. The man slouched up to the display of cigars, rubbing his stubbly chin in hesitation. He read all the highly-colored labels, and then raised his shifty eyes to the proprietor.

**THE CIGAR-  
STORE MAN.**

"Say, hain't you got no Belle of—" He bit off the last word, and stared across the counter. "I'll be damned if it ain't old Billy. How the devil did you get into this joint?"

The proprietor had become white, and was nervously twisting the dusting cloth. "My name isn't Billy. It's John. Can't you see it up there on the sign. It's John Marsh." He repeated in a dazed way, "John Marsh."

The tramp whistled ironically through his broken teeth. "John Marsh be damned. I says you're Billy." He shoved his hands into his pockets and cocked his head backward. "Say! Are you tryin' to give your old pals the go-by? You're playin' a losin' game. Half the boys on the Bowery will swear that you're Billy, Scarred Billy, and there's the scar right on your forehead. You remember the night you got it all right. We two broke into Hansen's store to get some swag. He was there and hit you with a lead pellet."

The man on the other side of the counter rubbed the drops of sweat from his forehead with the dirty cloth. He started to speak, but choked helplessly. Then he leaned forward, and whispered, "You're—you're right, Mac; but I've changed my name and I'm straight now." He stopped breathlessly and stared wide-eyed at the tramp. Mac let out a gurgle of cynical laughter. "Say, who'd a thought of your becomin' an angel boy. It's too good to be true. I'll have to tell the boys."

Billy clenched his hands until the knuckles gleamed white through the flesh. "Mac, you can't do it. If you tell 'em, they'll all be up here in a day."

The tramp chose a cigar from an open box. He bit off the end and spat it across the room. "Sure, won't you be glad to see 'em all again? Ain't you glad to see me?" He grinned, but his narrow eyes studied every movement in Billy's face.

"For God's sake, Mac, can't you see, can't you understand, that it would ruin me to have them all here! Nobody knows



what I used to be. I'm married and it would just about kill the little woman to learn that I'd been a thief once. Don't you understand? Can't you realize what it means to be straight?" His voice became shrill as he spoke and broke into a sob.

The tramp's underlip protruded, and his eyes were half closed. He leaned towards Billy, and snarled, "You'll have to make it worth my while to keep my mouth shut."

Billy chewed his lips and beat the glass softly with his knuckles. "Will you promise not to peach and not to come in here again if I give you twenty-five?"

The tramp shuffled his feet and slowly lit another cigar. "Better make that a cold hundred."

"Mac, I can't afford it. My business ain't much of a success. It'll bust me."

Mac looked deliberately around the shop. "Looks pretty prosperous to yours truly. Better make it a hundred."

Two weeks later the tramp came back. He was half way through the door when Billy saw him. For an instant fear, terrible gripping horror was reflected in his face, then the stolidness of the former convict returned. The tramp smirked. "Ain't you glad to see your old pal again?"

Billy squinted at the tramp as if he were measuring him. Then he said distinctly: "Why the devil did you come back again? You promised not to."

The tramp spat thoughtfully through the open door. "Oh, don't get so damned sore. I happened to be dead broke so I thought I'd come in and see you again."

Billy braced his hands on the counter. All his former strength seemed to leave him. He became a man fighting for life, pleading for mercy before his hounder. "For the love of God, Mac, won't you go? Don't you see—"

"Cut that kind of talk; it don't go here. What I want is the cash and I guess I get it, eh?"

Billy shoved his face nearer to the tramp. "You're nothin' but a blackmailer and I'll have you pinched."

"So you'll have me pinched, will you?" The tramp drew his thin lips back and showed his yellow teeth. "What d'you think I'd be doin'? I'd tell every guy who you was, and the boys on the Bowery would come here and say, 'Look at Billy, the angel kid.'"

The features of the proprietor became stolid. A strange look of the old time craftiness came into his eyes. He walked slowly towards the tramp. "Say, Mac, I guess it ain't no use this on the level life. It don't pay. What d'you say to joining me in one of our old jobs?"

The tramp dropped his jaw in surprise. "Well, I'll be damned! Sure thing!" Then he looked suspiciously at Billy from under his shaggy eyebrows. "Is this game straight?"

"Yes, it's straight. I've been broke since I gave you that hundred. There's a little house down the street where the cop doesn't patrol for twenty minutes. We can get in easy. To-night is a good night. You come here at ten o'clock. I'll be on the job." Billy jerked out his words and clung to the tramp's arm. "You'll help, won't you?"

The tramp hesitated. "Sure I'll come, but I'll come heeled." He drew the butt of a revolver from his pocket.

At half-past ten two men slunk out of Billy's store. They hurried down the avenue for a block and then turned into a side street. Billy stopped suddenly and whispered, "Here's the house."

The men slipped into the shadow of the stoop, and Mac took a jimmy out of his pocket. "We'll open this window here," he muttered hoarsely. He slipped the file under the wood and began to raise. The window gave silently. "Say, these folks are easy. They forgot to lock their windows." Mac crawled over the sill and dropped softly on to the floor. Billy followed and closed the window back of him. "Better take off our shoes. They might hear us," whispered Mac.

The thieves hurried up the dark flight of stairs, their bare feet pattering on the wooden floor. "Here's the dining room," said Billy, and opened a sliding door.

Mac slipped over to the cupboard where the silver-ware stood. He turned towards Billy: "You'd better watch that nobody comes while I pack up this junk." He opened a bag and began to drop the silver plate into it. Suddenly a voice rang out: "Hands up. I've caught you with the goods."

Mac dropped the bag on the floor, threw up his arms, and swung around. He stared into the muzzle of Billy's revolver. He stood stiff for a moment, but when he recognized whose gun it was he began to drop his arms. "Hands up, or I'll fill you with lead," snarled Billy.

The tramp's eyes shifted from the muzzle of the gun. "Billy, this is a hell of a joke. Don't point that shootin'-iron at me. It might go off." But Billy stood motionless, his arm outstretched. The tramp whined: "You can't arrest me. You're as much a thief as I."

"I've caught you with the goods," repeated Billy.

The tramp shuffled his feet nervously. "If you have me copped I'll tell 'em that you broke in with me and you'll get sent up, too."

Billy laughed. "You're a fool, Mac. I got you to break into—whose house d'you think? You've broken into my own house and I've caught you with the goods. You're a poor fool."

The tramp snarled angrily. "If they lock me up I'll tell 'em anyhow that you're Scarred Billy, so you'd better let me go."

"You'll never get a chance to tell anybody," Billy said quietly.

The tramp's face became ghastly. His arms began to drop, but at the horse command, "Hands up," he stiffened.

"Say, you aren't goin' to shoot me, are you? Why, that would be murder and they'd string you up for it."

"It isn't murder to shoot a burglar in your own house, is it?"

Billy leered at the trembling man before him. "I like to see you suffer the way you've made me suffer, before you die." He stopped speaking. There was a fearful silence throughout the house. The raised fingers of the tramp were doubled over like claws, as if he wished to clutch at the man with the revolver.

Billy smilingly mocked his victim. "Have you anything to say?" Mac dropped to his knees, his hands still raised above his head. He muttered over and over again, "For God's sake don't shoot."

The pistol in Billy's hand shook, but the muzzle still pointed at the tramp. "When I say 'three' you're going to cash in," he said.

"One." The teeth of the kneeling man chattered and beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. His hands worked convulsively while the knuckles cracked.

"Two." The sound rang out in the silent room. The thief tried to mutter a few words, but his lips were dry and he choked. Billy took a deep breath before pronouncing the tramp's sentence. The air hissed through his clenched teeth. With a cry the kneeling man at one bound leapt towards the revolver. Billy's

arm stiffened, pointed at Mac. and the pistol flashed. The tramp staggered for a second, clutched his head with both hands, and fell grovelling to the floor. Billy grinned, and then deliberately emptied the five cartridges into the prostrate body.

*A. S. Goodhart.*

—It was growing dark, as Bergen came out of the mine that evening, a dingy, sordid sort of darkness, deepened by the row of tiny slant-roofed cottages, flanking the gutter on either side of the street that led down from the coal-breakers. The lights behind the curtained windows were very dim, hinting of wicks turned down to save the oil. The gloom was relieved only in one place, where the lights from the smoke-grimed saloon window at the corner slanted its cheap glare out on the muddy street-slush. On the ground glass pane the figures of men stood in sharp silhouette as he passed. The sound of his domineering voice echoed stridently across the narrow street.

“Yes. Useless, I call it,” he said. “An’ more’n that, too. It’s plain foolish, this idea that a man ought to risk his life for somebody else.”

“That’s all right for talk,” returned one of his companions. “But how about it when you’re the man? You’d do the same thing yourself.”

“No, I would not. Hell! I’d stop to think ’afore I jumped into a mess like that. Look at Bradon. It’s hard work—may be worse—for his wife now, an’ starvation for the kids. An’ all for a fool notion to go back an’ get Marley out, when he knew more o’ the roof was likely to fall any minute. What’s to pay for it? Half a column in the mornin’ paper. Damn fine, heh?”

Bergen was a leader in the mines, a burly, flaxen-haired giant; the men usually listened when he spoke, but now there was a dissenting voice.

“You, man—you’d ’a let Marley stay in there? Let him die in the tunnel without ever makin’ a try for him?”

The tone angered Bergen.

“’Course I would. One man’s as good as another, so let the other man look out for himself, I say. This ain’t no kid’s game, pickin’ daisies; it’s men’s work—minin’. Sure I’d ’a let him stay.

It wouldn't 'a been square to the family to do anything else. Hard luck—for him, but none o' my affair. By golly! Cold to-night, ain't it?" He changed his lunch-pail to the left hand, and flapped the freed arm soundingly across his chest.

"Yes!" His companion sullenly dropped the subject. "The warmth gets out o' the air mighty quick these November days, once the sun's down, an' when you have to wait an hour at these blame tracks, you feel it. They're always switchin' when you want to get by."

Out in the yards were mingled the clanging of bells and the swish of escaping steam, above which contended the voices of men shouting to each other as they worked. Their lanterns, tiny yellow dots of light, bobbed along the roofs of the black strings of cars that slid, looming and quiet, to and fro. In the darkness the locomotives came and went, huge dim shapes that clanked and puffed, their headlights glaring through rolling clouds of steam, setting the rails agleam before them.

Suddenly Bergen dropped his lunch-pail and dashed forward. He had seen the cripple between the tracks, gathering bits of coal in his basket, and the engine bearing down upon him, unheard amid the clangor. The thing was over like the passing of a nightmare. The locomotive ground on into the shadow, the drivers slurring on the rails as the engineer vainly reversed. The cripple was struggling to his feet from the cinders where Bergen had hurled him, and looked stupidly around for his crutch. Bergen lay, an inert, crumpled heap, by the gate-house where the fender had flung him. He did not move, nor groan when they raised him to carry him home.

A cart had been waiting at the crossing. They laid him gently in it, and sat beside him while the man drove on. Then wearily, as they watched, he opened his eyes, and after a dazed moment, grinned weakly up at them: "Hit me, did it? Darn fool. I didn't stop to think."

*M. W. Davis.*

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*The Yale Dining Club*

On May 6 elected Adrian Van Sinderen, 1910, of Brooklyn, N. Y., President; and Kent Sarver Clow, 1910, of Chicago, Ill., Secretary.

*The Gun Team*

On May 8 won the Intercollegiate Shoot with a score of 416.

*Phi Beta Kappa*

On May 14, elected officers as follows:

Robert Alphonso Taft, 1910, of Washington, D. C., *President*.

Charles Dudley Armstrong, 1910, of Pittsburg, Pa., *Vice-President*.

Robert Dudley French, 1910, New Haven, Conn., *Secretary*.

Nathan Flower George, 1910, of Danbury, Conn., *Treasurer*.

Charles Mack Gill, 1910, of St. Louis, *Keeper of the Archives*.

Richard Dwight Hillis, 1910, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carl Albert Lohmann, 1910, of Akron, Ohio, and Thomas Lawrason Riggs, 1910, of Washington, D. C., *Executive Committee*.

*The Spring Regatta*

Was held at Lake Whitney on May 22.

*The Law School Society*

Of Phi Alpha Delta on May 25, elected the following men: Henry Joseph Calnen, 1909 L. S., of Hartford, Conn.; Ralph Hayford Lincoln, 1910 L. S., of Fall River, Mass., and William Joseph Nolan, 1911 L. S., of Quincy Mass.

*The John Hubbard Curtis Prize*

Was won by H. D. Hammond, 1909, with an essay upon the novels of William De Morgan.

*Omega Lambda Chi*

Was celebrated on May 24, with several novel features. Sophomores won the Relay Race.

*The Yale Automobile Club*

On May 26, held its second annual hill climbing contest at Shingle Hill.

*The Senior Societies*

On May 27, gave out the following elections:

*Skull and Bones*—Stanhope Bayne-Jones, given by John Bates Perrin; Ruthven Adriance Wodell, by James Merriam Howard; George Leslie Harrison, by Robert Boyd Burch; Robert Dudley French, by Gayer Gardner Dominick; Augustus Knight, by Harold Phelps Stokes; Albert DeSilver, by Stuart Craig Rand; Charles Pascal Franchot, by Benjamin Bethen Sanderson; Lyndon Marrs King, by Mortimer Ashmead Seabury; Frederick James Murphy, by Henry Almy Howe; Carl Albert Lohmann, by Charles Soutter Campbell; Walter Seth Logan, Jr., by Edward Francis Jefferson; Edward Harris Coy, by Avery Artison Clark; Robert Alphonso Taft, by Allen Trafford Klots; Stephen Holladay Philbin, by Harvey Hollister Bundy; John Heron, by Henry Lippitt.

*Scroll and Key*—Lyle Gillis Hall, by Charles Wadsworth Howard; Thomas Hewes, by James Benton Grant; Henry Gilbert Holt, by Leonard Kennedy; Thomas Lawrason Riggs, by Chester Jules Copmann; Joseph Curtis Platt, by Francis Howard Olmstead; Thomas Slater Johnston, Jr., by Robert Otis Hayward; Earl Trumbull Williams, by Francis Wisner Murray, Jr.; Henry Payne Bingham, by Miles Carrington Hannah; Reginald Roome, by Robert Seldon Rose; William Preston White, by Alfred Alexander Biddle; Carlton Clarke Jewett, by Robert Mallory, Jr.; Henry Tomlinson Curtiss, by Elisha Francis Riggs; James Ford Johnson, Jr., by Samuel Jerman Keator, Jr.; Elton Hoyt, 2d, by Gilbert Maurice Congdon; Stephen Merrell Clement, Jr., by Albert Day Farwell.

*Wolf's Head*—Garnett Morgan Noyes, by Burrell Richardson Huff; Milton Wright Griggs, by John Harper Mallory; Lyman Northrop Hine, by Alfred Lee Loomis; Fred Augustus Hotchkiss, by Eugene Judson Curtis; William Henry Parsons, Jr., by Percy Macaulay Gilbert; Carleton Alexander Connell, by Frederick Wilder Bellamy; Wilson Lear Eyre, by Donald Louis Reynolds; Neil Campbell Stevens, by Paul Howard Converse; Howard Vincent O'Brien, by Horace Winston Stokes; Walter Barnum,

by Howard Carter Davis; David Lewis Daggett, by Welles Kennon Rice; George Adams Richardson, by Francis Malbone Blodgett; Richard Kingsley Hawes, by Harold Wilson Brooks; Walter Leroy Brown, by James Murdock Ethridge; James Brookes Spencer, by Hubert McDonnell.

Election was refused to Skull and Bones by Stephen Merrell Clement, Jr., of Buffalo, N. Y., and to Wolf's Head by Charles Dudley Armstrong of Pittsburg, Penn.

### *The Law School Societies*

Of Corbey Court and Phi Delta Phi, on May 27, announced the election of the following:

From 1909, Henry Herbert Harbison, Dayton, Ohio. From 1910, James Dugdale Baird, Carthage, Ill.; Thomas Connelly Malley, Springfield, Mass.; Charles Vernon Porter, Jr., Natchitoches, La. From 1911, James Erwin Parker, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Arnold Schmidt, Manchester, Conn.

### *Sheff. Society Elections.*

The following elections from the Freshman class to Sheffield Scientific School Societies of Book and Snake and Berzelius were announced on May 27:

*Book and Snake*—John Edward Barbey, of Reading, Pa.; Robert Larkin Brooks, of Arlington, Mass.; Springer Harbaugh Brooks, of St. Paul, Minn.; Joseph Archibald Carson, of Braintree, Mass.; Reginald Humphrey Fullerton, of Chillicothe, Ohio; Carlos Stockwell Greely, of St. Louis, Mo.; Hoyt Elmore Hayes, of Cleveland, Ohio; Robert Edward Hunter, of Chicago, Ill.; John Avery Ingersoll, of New York City; Nathan Mears, of Evanston, Ill.; James Wallace Paramore, of St. Louis, Mo.; Joseph Greer Peppaid, Jr., of Kansas City, Mo.; John Hamilton Potter, of Detroit, Mich.; Edward Savage, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Wesson Seyburn, of Detroit, Mich.; Adam Gentlas Thomson, of Duluth, Minn.; Wilfrid Wood, of Morristown, N. J.

*Berzelius*—Alan Hendry Brown, of Madison, N. Y.; Abraham Louis Hasbrouck, of Ringston, N. Y.; David Johnson, of Seattle, Wash.; James William Maitland, of New York City; Leroy Martin, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harold Beers Randall, of Shelton, Conn.; Silas Hemenway Witherbee, of Port Henry, N. Y.



*Berkeley Premiums*

Were awarded to Freshmen for excellence in Latin composition, on May 29. as follows:

First Grade: Leslie Parker Brown, of Waterbury, Conn.; John Cornelius Coughlin, of Augusta, Me.; Jonathan Stone Cuthbertson, of Revere, Mass.; Aaron Levan Dettra, of Norristown, Pa.; Royal Case Nemial, of Hartford, Conn.

Second Grade: John Lawrence Healy, of Newport, R. I.; William Paul Keenan, of Westfield, Mass.; John Rose Larus, Jr., of Baltimore, Md., Joseph Shelnotz, of New Haven.

*Sigma Xi*

On May 29, elected the following men:

*Academic*—William Raymond Barss, of New Germany, Nova Scotia; Clark Goodell Mitchell, of Denver, Col.; Henry Lewis Read, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Sheff.*—Fritz William Beinicke, of Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Maurice Hope Gevens, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Raymond Augustus Pond, of Unionville, Conn.

*Graduate School*—William Ruthven Flint, of New Haven; Warren Witherell Hilditch, of Thompsonville, Conn.; William Cumming Rose, of Laurinburg, N. C.; Mary Davies Swartz, of Wooster, O.

*Medical School*—Jaques Lewis Buttner, of Donai, France.

*The Tennis Team*

On May 29, defeated Harvard, 6—3.

*The Art School*

Anniversary was held on June 1.

*The Kit Cat Club*

Announced the election of the following men from 1912: Joseph LeCompte Bell, of Aiken, S. C.; Percival Vaughan Bowen, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Ambrose Daniel Gring, of Cambridge, Mass.; Edwin Norman Hickman, of New Haven; Harold Kopfel Hochschild, of New York City.

*Track Scores.*

May 8—Yale, 58; Princeton, 46; at Princeton.

May 15—Yale, 55 1-5; Harvard, 48 4-5; at Yale Field.

May 31—Yale took second place in the Intercollegiates, with 25 7-10, Harvard winning with 39 1-10.

*Baseball Scores.*

May 8—Yale, 2; Andover, 1.

May 12—Yale, 9; Williams, 3.

May 15—Yale, 0; Pennsylvania, 2.

May 19—Yale, 0; Amherst, 4.

May 26—Yale, 3; Vermont, 1.

May 29—Yale, 8; Columbia, 2.

May 31—Yale, 4; Brown, 1.

June 2—Yale, 0; Holy Cross, 4.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*An Englishman's Home*, by Major Guy du Maurier. Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.

The now famous "play that aroused England" is written with a great deal of power. The author, who has abandoned his anonymity since its first production, shows noble patriotism in his intensely earnest portrayal of his countrymen's helplessness to resist an invasion from "Nearland." There is also much humor in the play. The preliminary descriptions of the characters, including the hero, Mr. Brown, who wears "stupid trousers—shiny, very kneed, and a little short," and his younger son Syd, who possesses "dank light brown hair," are highly amusing. But the satire of the first act is somewhat long drawn out, though it depicts with biting truth the frivolities to which a certain type of British family often becomes addicted. This monotony, which also strikes the reader in the military scenes, is doubtless less noticeable to the spectator. The same may be said of the rather labored effort after a contrast between farce and tragedy that is occasionally apparent as the play draws to a close.

*The Faith and Works of Christian Science*, by the Author of "Confessio Medici." The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

From the standpoints of philosophy, of Christianity, of common sense, and of authority, the author discusses this extraordinary pseudo-religion. The value of a sane philosophical refutation of Eddyism may indeed be questioned, as such arguments have little effect on those who have, like the White Queen, trained themselves "to believe six impossible things before breakfast." It is nevertheless interesting to read such a clear-sighted arraignment as the following: "Christian Science is under the delusion," says the author, "that my pen, somehow, is not real, because all the Reality is used up by God. Whereas, if he were not, my pen would not be, nor I either. It and I are in Him. What could be more really real than that?"

After cornering as best he may the elusive propositions of *Science and Health*, the author remarks in despair, "No wonder

that erudite systems of philosophy and religion melt at the coming of Christian Science. It is easier to melt than to argue with her." Far from melting, however, he proceeds to show how utterly unchristian she is. His denunciation of her parodies of the Lord's Prayer and the Eucharist, and of her entire failure to comprehend how Christianity, instead of denying our sufferings, has ennobled them into so many opportunities for perfecting ourselves, is altogether admirable.

Later, under "The Reality of Diseases," the author advances what is after all the best argument against Christian Science, namely, that even if diseases are illusions, it has undeniably been found necessary to treat them with certain other illusions, for "the action of the drug, the relation between the drug and the disease, are Absolute Reality." He then quotes two hundred consecutive testimonials from the *C. S. Sentinel*, showing how little most of these amount to, and the difficulty of obtaining reliable data about any of them. After citing by way of contrast the hideous experiences of several physicians with the cruelty and neglect of "Scientists," he concludes that the system, though it has done good in some nervous cases, has done far more harm, based as it is on a jumble of irrational and inhuman conceptions.

Among the best things in the book is the text on the title page. "Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith to him, 'If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down.'"

*The Inner Shrine.* Anonymous. Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

A young Frenchwoman, the wife of a Gallicized American, who thereby wins admission to the circles of the Faubourg St. Germain, is suddenly sobered in the heyday of a frivolous life by her husband's death in a duel. She goes to America with her mother-in-law to earn her living, for her husband had recklessly squandered his fortune. In New York she enters the employ of a young widower, Derek Pruyn, as the companion of his only daughter. He soon falls in love with her, but their relations continue to be formal for a year, till he declares himself on the eve of a journey to South America. Fearing that he only wants to protect her, she defers her answer till his return. But in the meantime he hears an exaggerated report of a former indiscretion from a wooer whom she had ridiculed. Various things seem to

show that his story is true. Derek is at first broken-hearted, but after a time he again asks her to marry him. This time she scornfully rejects him, saying that a man who would expose his daughter to a woman such as he believes her to be deserves only contempt. In the end, however, her slanderer retracts his lie. Derek, pleading with her once more, tells her that he loves her. It is that she has waited for so long, so she admits him to the inner shrine of her life.

The only weak point in the plot is that any woman would have seen that Derek loved her all along. Otherwise the story is convincing. The character of Diane is beautifully depicted, the pictures of French and American society evidently drawn by one who knows both, the treatment of delicate situations singularly healthy. Some have suggested Mrs. Wharton as the author, but though the book has many touches of unaffected cleverness, it has neither that lady's elaborately chiselled style nor her pessimistic view of society.

*Hearts are Trumps*, by Alexander Otis. The John McBride Company. \$1.50.

This story, dealing with the adventures of a newspaper reporter who is forced to impersonate a clergyman, has a mildly amusing plot, but this is worked out in a very crude and ineffective manner. The same may be said of the style, which is intolerably lame and monotonous. That an author who commits such perpetrations as "onto" should try to write a novel is indeed extraordinary.

T. L. R.

*The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne*, by Wilbur Cross. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

In adopting what he styles the "old fashion" of biographical work, namely, the plan of presenting along with the personal history of a man an account of his friends, contemporaries, surroundings, Professor Cross has made use of a method which is quite as entertaining as it is instructive. The fund of fascinating anecdote, and the general picture of the times which this volume offers, are both unusual. The chapters, "The Parson in His Library," and "A Good Warm Watch Coat," are especially good, as is the collection of portraits, with the Colnaghi engraving

of the water-color made by Charmontelle in 1762. Occasionally, the author's desire to introduce data has stood in the way of the interest, but this has occurred so rarely that the book is one which the ordinary reader can appreciate and enjoy. The lover of Sterne's novels will be particularly interested in the study "Tristram Shandy."

R. D. H.

The LIT. acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following volumes, some of which will be reviewed in subsequent issues:

Ginn and Company.

*Readings in Modern European History*, Volume II. Robinson and Beard.

Henry Holt and Company.

*Less Than Kin*, Miller.

*The Runaway Place*, Eaton and Underhill.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*Charles W. Eliot*, Kuehnemann.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

*The Grammar of Rowing*, Warre.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

During the past few days it has come to the Saint's notice that a distressing number of the undergraduate body has actually never heard of "The Thankless Muse." Perhaps the name of the little volume is partly to blame; whatever the cause, it is odd that a book of this sort by the author of "The Ways of Yale" should be unknown to any of us. Lest it be thought that the Thankless Muse has led the author into paths too hard for the Great Unread, we take the liberty of quoting what is one of the quaintest, most delightful bits of verse by an American writer:

## BUMBLE BEE.

As I lay yonder in tall grass  
 A drunken bumble-bee went past  
 Delirious with honey-toddy.  
 The golden sash about his body  
 Could scarce keep in his swollen belly  
 Distent with honey-suckle jelly.  
 Rose liquor and the sweet pea wine  
 Had filled his soul with drink divine;  
 Deep had he drunk the warm night through:  
 His hairy thighs were wet with dew.  
 Full many an antic had he played  
 While the world went round through sleep and shade.  
 Oft had he lit with thirsty lip  
 Some flower-cup's nectared sweets to sip,  
 When on smooth petals he would slip  
 Or over tangled stamens trip,  
 And headlong in the pollen rolled,  
 Crawled out quite dusted o'er with gold.

Or else his heavy feet would stumble  
 Against some bud and down he'd tumble  
 Amongst the grass; there lie and grumble  
 In low, soft bass—poor maudlin bumble!—  
 With tipsy hum on sleep wing  
 He buzzed a glee—a bacchic thing  
 Which, wandering strangely in the moon,  
 He learned from grigs that sing in June,  
 Unknown to sober bees who dwell  
 Through the dark hours in waxen cell.  
 When south wind floated him away  
 The music of the summer day  
 Lost something: sure it was a pain  
 To miss that dainty star-light strain.

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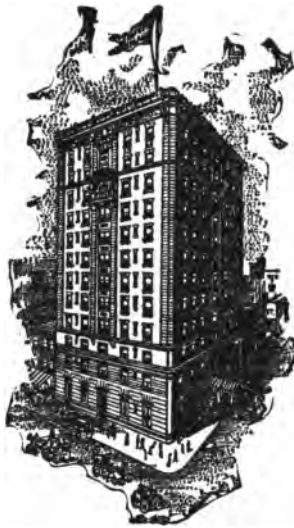
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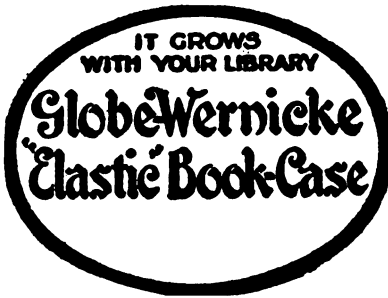
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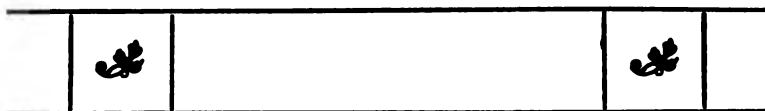
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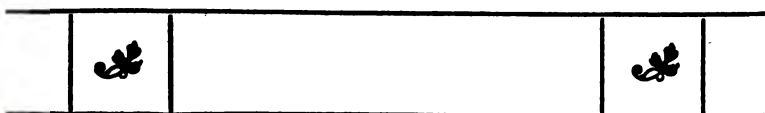
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